



IKKONOGRAFIKKA



After all notions have been dissected
And all expressions have been deconstructed
As world views have been exploded
And connections to others have been dissolved
Comes another swing of the pendulum
Again changes the sum and substance
A time for renewal, for creation, for consolidation
From solve to coagula





That which was expanded contracts
Cryptic works become clear
Obscured layers of meaning show them-
selves in all their beautiful simplicity
The imperfect, diseased, corruptible and
ephemeral becomes perfect, healthy, in-
corruptible and everlasting
The map ceases to prevent us from explor-
ing the territory
ah, we have achieved kkoagulaa





The kkoagulaa Manifesto

This manifesto is a living document, constantly evolving, part of the process of art itself. kkoagulaa is a living, constantly evolving entity, a shout from the mountaintop proclaiming the primacy of the act of creation.

All life is a collage of every form that has been engaged in a dance with the chaos that calls forth new forms. Order dissolves into chaos and then collapses into a higher form of order. This holds true for galaxies, ecosystems, empires and civilizations. The Universe, society, culture manifests in eternal change, and so should music and art.

The artifacts of kkoagulaa too are not so many calcified forms, but moments of the process of discovery captured. In a time when the business and cultural role of music and art is becoming increasingly destabilized, a quickening of chaotic activity ends up opening up new possibilities. This period of chaos before new structures coalesce into the next orthodoxy, before a possible return to and strengthening of corporate hegemony, the creative community has an opportunity to stretch out beyond safe art and safe social functions.

Better still, we see an opportunity to include everyone when we talk about the creative community. Not in theory, not as a fluffy bromide to flatter an "audience" or a way to make "customers" feel included in something when they're nothing but another resource to be exploited. Art exists for you to shape it, hijack it and remake, remix, reiterate and even reject it. It is for you to inspire thought, critical thinking, reconsideration.

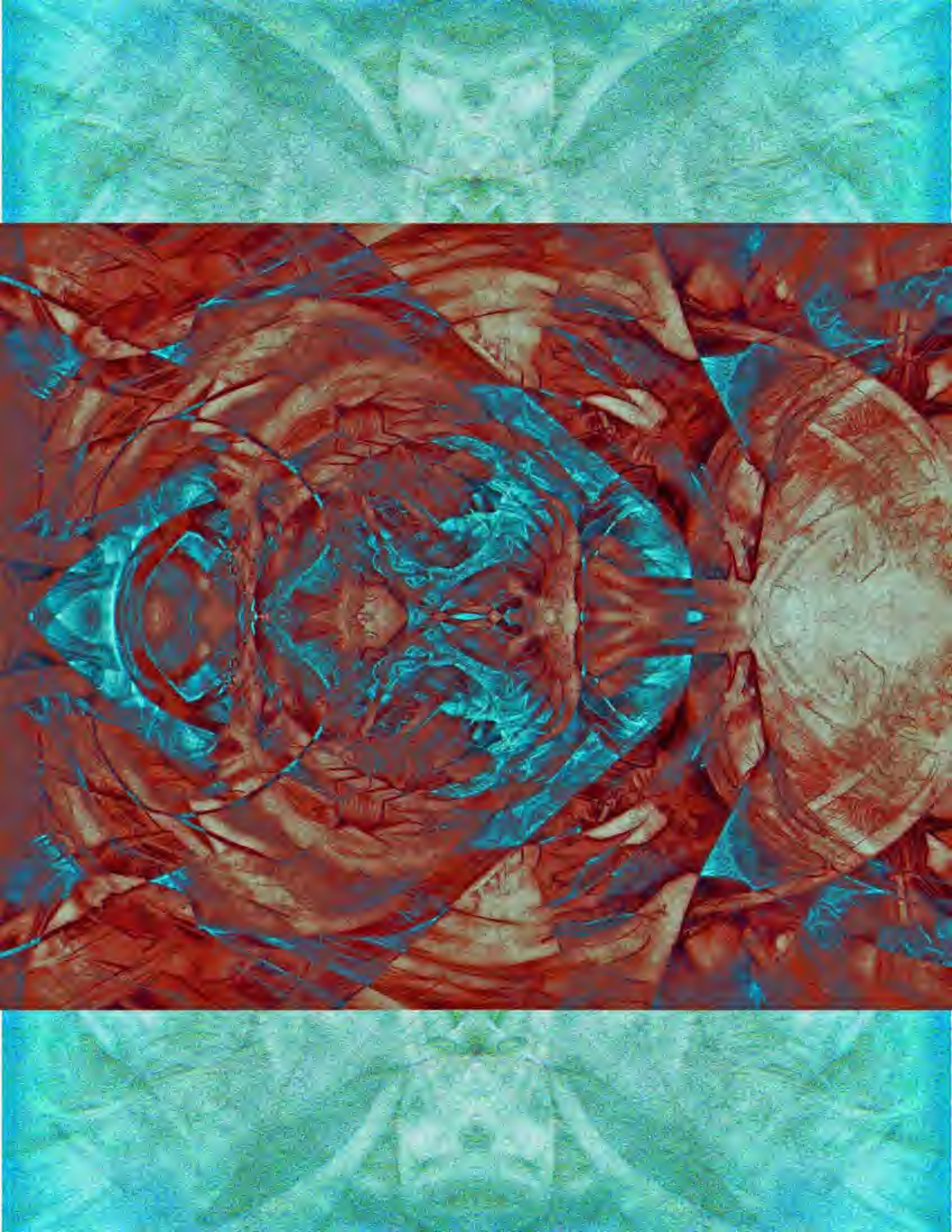


You are part of kkoagulaa. Your grandma is a node of kkoagulaa. Your cat is integral to kkoagulaa. Art is commentary on society and culture, whether it is intended to or not. We have been sold a notion that art is something the majority is to sit back and passively observe, if art plays a role in daily life at all. It is vital that you reject that notion. Throw it out, public, go on, take the next step.

kkoagulaa declares that society, culture and all actions in space-time are examples of art, and by extension magic, the continued creation of the Universe. All life, all processes, all art and the Universe is partially finished. Nothing will be done until the Universe collapses in on itself. And even then, the process begins anew.

You create the patterns you see in everything you behold, hear, touch and think about. You create the meaning of a work of art. By looking at it, listening to it, reflecting on it, you complete the creative act. should you take that symphony, piece of writing or painting and add your own touch, cut it up and recombine the elements, you bring the process further.





the tide rise
chained anchor in the deep end
sophismata transcend
sublustris





The belly of the gazelle opened like a flower. Heat hit my face in a rush, and the smell washed over me. For a moment I thought the overwhelming, sweetness of this smell would knock me unconscious. They must have fed the gazelle exclusively with flower petals. An image, a memory of a scent. A bottle of essential oil broken on a hardwood floor, eating away the finish, air in a long abandoned house dense with a cloying odor.

The whiskers of the female lion on my right brushed my cheek. The heat and scent of her breath, heavy in my nostrils before she and the other two female lions had pulled the belly of the gazelle apart now barely registered.

Half dead.

"Lying down with lions. Surely I must be the lamb." I thought. "Perhaps the day of Gods wrath has come and gone and we are delivered unto him." My host stood watching with the same look of regal disinterest as the male lion that lay at his side.

The flesh between my teeth slid from my initial probing bite like the sensual slithering of a raw oyster. A gag convulsed my belly with an almost orgasmic intensity. A quick gulp of air brought a rush to my head and dancing spots of light to my eyes. My vision blurred with tears of gratitude I began to tear at the gazelle with my teeth.

Half dead human forms used as centerpieces on the banquet table. The other half of a politicians vacant gaze looks through the stained glass window behind my chair.

In this place with no moon or sun, no time of day or season, the light of morning seeps in by common consensus. The revellers who had come as guests the committee lay exhausted from more hours of self indulgence and noxious ingestion than could normally be survived.



Slipping in and out.

Still air.

Light.

A procession of monks manifest the wings of a mansion as they approach. Nothing there when we arrive. Half dead hominid shapes. Hedge rows with leathery faces, hissing, gurgling, swaying. Flowers grin with meaty insouciance. A field of arms. Vines, eyes, tongues crawl up walls.

We approach. Our place of meeting has always been, comes into being the moment the procession steps onto the stone terrace.

I see.

I heard.

«Poor bastard doesn't know where he is.» the comittee assembled, awaits permission to begin. Our host will give the signal and I will set to writing the minutes. After each sentence is entered, a nod. The person acknowledged then will speak it.

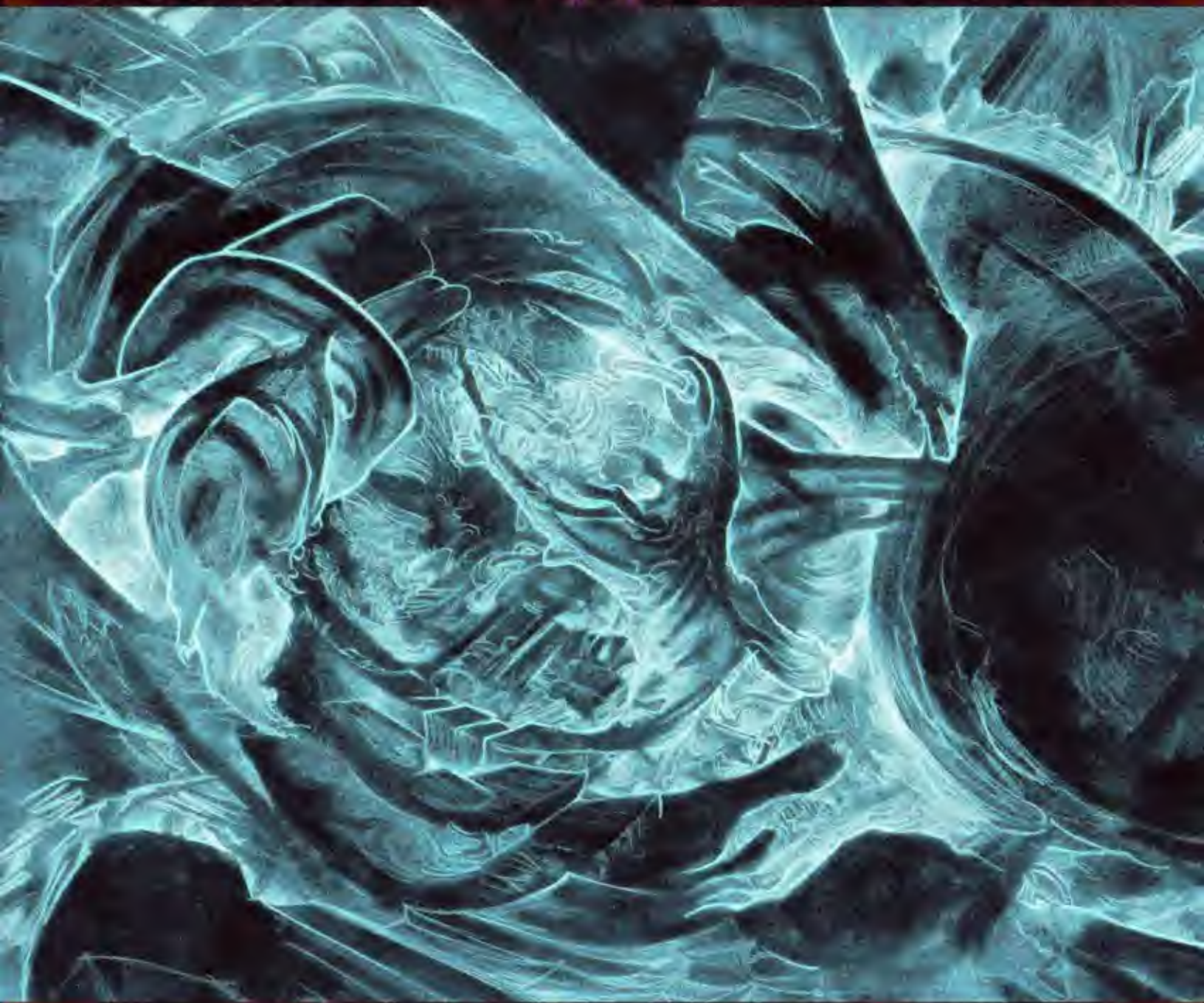
We sank back into the world to come slowly enough to watch the great edifice unmanifest upon the exiting procession. The peppery, florid aftertaste of that fantstical flesh, a lingering ember.

I will feel.

Eventually.

Ran aground a few years back, everything that had been important had lost all context.

The great black serpents ate it all. Larvae populate the earth. Hey come in dream, but sleep is not an option. They can not enter unless they are invited in.



Great edifices, battlements that rose out of hallowed ground dissolved like dream images. Growing need to feel the air on every inch.

Now open. Never knew it was closed up, but the brain peers in and invites out. Out.

The first communication was in the form of a long black snake, a serpent in our suburban garden. A sickening awareness of slithering, cold survival as a chain. Pulled where desire pointed. A serpentine glance was the abyss skrying secrets in your core.

Agent. Agent of something else. Agent of something unseen, unacknowledged.

A card, a chance word from the kind if offputting stranger who would not have even registered. Voices. Thoughts showing up as events, feelings disappearing behind a horizon never before noticed.

Three black coils. Voices from before history, three bodies of dark light. Antimatter, still the chatter, lie down and sink into the soil and let the slithering, cold, coiling caress light a fire across the skin. Skin now breathing for the first time in the memory of socialized sentience.


Look at the human and not the snakes. Be aware of the slithering caresses, not the venom.

A conspiracy that leads to freedom from conspiracy. A cloud of a million points of consciousness, a chaotic hive, one mind.

We are connected. We are connected. We are connected.

Improvising on memplex patterns achieving altered nation states. Advance guard of armies of brutalized art, excessive inquisitiveness quelled by a chemical shroud. Propaganda, trenches dug in your patch of reality is to be filled in, dirt dispersed in a great uncovering.



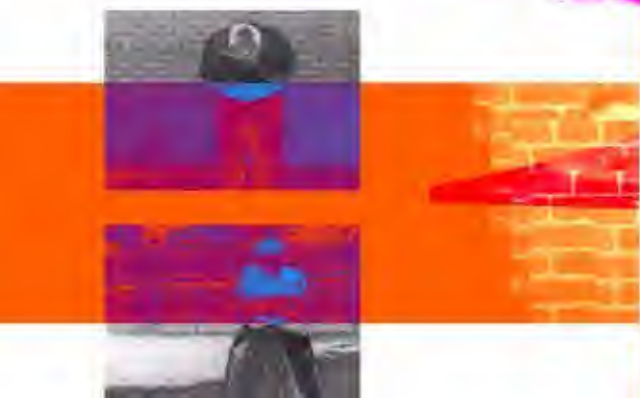


you revel in your false cold

the ceremony where you sold your soul



akoagulas



reduction in found form, stark brown desaturated gold
i build my castle stone by stone and year by year



The basement walls are closing in
No light but the glowing screen
Once again I'm sitting through
An end without end without end...
I lift the hatch, and look around
Out of my personal creative space
At the Paranoidderati and the dead
Their entertainment value wears thin

A deep seated need to believe
A self-perpetuating distraction

A long term headspace colony
The sum of fifty million minds
the end of western civilization
Once again, over and overlooked

Another kkulture kkarmageddonn
Another apocalyptic fantasy game
Another aimess drama
To hide that every day is the same







you think you see the darkness, but you can't
and never will 'cause noone can
unless darkness' all you see, and some do
the degraded and untrue
'cause for the chosen few
there's only darkness
and there's pain
beyond any naked winter
or bleeding open slash
all drive and dreams has gone
from ember to cold ash





Aurum nostrum non est aurum vulgi



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